Ile keepe them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer:
But I will finde him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhalbe taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you cooſen a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poiſoned with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rod
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
T'was where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle Yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkly caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true.
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde cooſen: